SUNDAY WITH THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

"They Grow as Flowers Do; They Will Wither Without Sun. But You Cannot Feiter Them; They Must Take Their Own Fair Form and Ways if They Take Any .- Let Them Loose in the Library, I Say, as You Do the Fawns in the Field. They Know the Bad Weeds Twenty Times Better Than You; and the Good Ones, too, and Will Eat Some Bitter and Prickly Ones-Good for It-Which You Had Not the Slightest Thought Were Good. . . . Teach Them That Courage and Truth Are the Pillars of Their Being. Do You Think They Would Not Answer That Appeal, Brave and True as They Are Even Now?"

READING FOR CHILDREN

CONCLUSION OF STORY BEGUN LAST WEEK.

A Collection of Good Things to Delight Little People...A Story by One of Them_Master Johnston's Book.

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE.

A little robin redbreast

Came hitherly to my door,
In crimsoned vest and coat of brown,
A message glad he bore, quoth he, lood-morrow, mistress," (Fair news have I to tell;

I come from sunny southlands,

I come from sunny southlands,
Where summer loves to dwell.
There reeds and rushes murmured:
'Full soon the redbreast goes,
With joyous tidings laden,
To lands of ice and snows.'
I heard the lark and linnet
Cry éach one to his mate,
'Up, up, this very minute.
We may no longer wait;
The robin's gone before us,
With promise of the spring
To weary hearts who languish
For birds' sweet carolling.'
I've come from far to tell you
This message, sweet and dear,
Cheer up, cheer up, sweet mistress,
The birds will soon be here.''
—Mary A. Rollet.

-Mary A. Rollet.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

(Concluded.)

Tom was telling a story at the dinner table. He had told the family that the most exciting thing he had ever seen had happened at school that day, and they were all listening intently. "You see," happened at school that day, and they were all listening intently. "You see," said he, "we're forbidden to throw any snow-balls after the beil that's rung for us to come in at recess; but to-lay the boys kept on peiting each other after the bell rang, and Mr. Eastman came running out to stop them. There were a lot of us down at the bettom of the yard and another crowd going into the school-base. Well he stood near the middle of of us down at the bettom of the yard and another crowd going into the school-house. Well, he stood near the middle of the crowd that was going in, and shouted out: "Stop that snow-balling immediately, boys!" Then he turned round into the crowd and just then"—

Tom was going to say Billy Anderson threw a snow-ball that hit him square on the back of his head. But suddenly he reflected that he had not seen the snow-ball hit him. He had only heard some one

reflected that he had not seen the snow-ball hit him. He had only heard some one say, "Did you see old Eastman's head?" Still, most of the boys seemed to think it hit him somewhere; they were not all sure about his head. Then it would make so much more of a story if he could say the snow-ball hit him on the

said Eleanor, "don't keep us

"Well," said Eleanor, don't keep us in such a dreadful suspense!"
"He turned round into the crowd," went on Tom, "and just then Billy Anderson fired a snow-ball right into the middle of the crowd. I don't know whether it hit old Eastman or not, but some of the fellows say it hit him on the back of the head; but anyway, he turned round and gave us a terrible talk-ing to; and that's the reason why I came

home so late from school."
"Well," said Giles, "that is such an
exciting anecdote it fairly takes my breath away."

And so the story ended in a laugh, in which Tom joined as heartly as any-

Some of the worst paintings in the world are family portraits. There seems to be some dreadful fatality about them; and yet fathers and mothers of families continue to have them taken. Mr. Adams was persuaded to have his picture paintcd; and for the artist he selected a distant cousin whose poor circumstances recommended him more than his talent. He worked on the picture for a great many sittings; and at last it was sent home. Most of the family said they would never have known it. Tom though have known it. Tom thought one eye was natural and Giles admired the Fainting of the freek coat.

"Well, it's all very well to criticise," said Mr. Adams; "but some one really ought to go and thank him for his trouble

There was some discussion as to the necessity of such a step; and finally it vas decide! that Tom and Eleanor should

by the time they reached the studio Eleanor had framed her speech of thanks; and she could hardly wait to be admitted before beginning it. "Mr. Shepard" she said, "we all want

to thank you for the trouble and pains you have taken in painting Papa's picture.

he picture shows the care you have ken. And Papa must be hard to paint, ill you accept our thanks?" She held out her hand so frankly and pleasantly that Mr. Shepard could not

but be pleased.

but be pleased.
"I am so glad that you like it," he said.
"J corsider it an excellent likeness myself. But to think that you are all agreed
that it is good, is more than I could have

Now Eleanor had not said that they were all agreed that it was good. "All" included Tom of course. He considered a moment whether he should speak up or not. If he did, it would hurt Mr. Shepard's feelings, it would also put Eleanor in an unpleasant position, and himself in a worse one. Why not leave well enough alone? consider d

alone?

"I'm afraid you don't understand Elector, Mr. Shepard," he said. "I think all the family is obliged to you for the careful work you have put into the picture, but," he continued, disregarding Eleanor's frantic efforts to stop him, "as for myself, I cannot honestly say that I consider it a good likeness,"

Eleanor tried to reprove Tom; but Mr. Shepard checked her. "Excuse me, Miss

Adams, but that is just the sort of talk I like. Tom, I want you to come up and give me your opinion of some of my pictures once in a while. Oh, you don't know, Miss Adams, what it is to have a critic who will really tell you the truth!"

One day Mr. Adams came up to Tom very sericusly. "Will you come into the study, my boy?" said he. Tom went in, wondering what was the

matter,
"Now, Tom," said his father, "I have
noticed that at least for the last year
you have never told a lie-not even a
shade of a lie. Well, now I have a dread-

ful trial to put you to."

Tom breathed hard and set his teeth.
"Your mother and I have been thinking "Your mother and I have been thinking that you deserved some reward for all your difficult truth-telling. Now we have decided that if you like the idea, we will take you to Europe with us. No, don't interrupt. Now the question is-be sure you don't turn a hair's breath from the truth-would you like to go with us?"

Tom did not know which way to look till at last he saw his father begin to smile. Then he faltered out a yes.

His father put his hand on his shoulder. "So, it's 'yes,' is it? Well, my boy, it Isn't always so hard to tell the truth, is it?"

Teaching the Guitar.

Putting little fingers
Where they ought to go;
For you cannot tell her, and
It does no good to show.
Little hands so soft and white,
Must not go too far.
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Teaching the guitar. Teaching the guitar.

Still she can not see; So, to show her better, you must Take her on your knee. Pretty lips are tempting, but I Must not go too far. Bless me, this is pleasant,

Teaching the guitar. Still the hands are awkward Still she can not see, And with pretty little pout Turns her face to me. Turns her face to me.

Could I help but steal a kiss?

Did I go too far?

Bless me, this is pleasant,

Teaching the guitar.

Now the lesson's over Little fingers tired: Curly head up close to mine, Old guitar is fired.

Understanding perfect,
I've not gone too far:
Bless me, it is pleasant, Teaching the gultar

-Rochester Post-Express.

The Dissatisfied Boy.

The Dissatisfied Boy.

The boy who thinks he could do great things, "If he only had a chance," is the boy who seldom makes a success of anything. He is always waiting for "good luck" to bring him into prominence. He isn't valuable to a practical employer, who wants a boy that can do ordinary things well, and who is willing to do ordinary things.

things well, and who is which dinary things.

The boy who sullenly thinks that his position, whatever it may be, is not "as good as he deserves," is preparing the way for disappointment in after years. The world never puts a valuation on a man as it does upon a horse or boy or a man as it does upon a horse or a steam engine; they have a market value the minute they are shown-based or their capacity to do good work. But a boy has no value until he carns one him self. The world never applauds a man for what he says he can do, but for something he has actually done. When he has shown that he possesses qualities and capabilities, then the world stamps his value upon him, as the mint coins the gold.

The qualities that are valuable are intelligence, accuracy and honor. A bey must show that he has fair mental ca-pacity, that he has formed the habit of

pacity, that he has formed the habit of correctness, and that he is trustworthy. Employers do not seek phenomenal boys. They prefer the ordinary kind. Above all else, they appreciate the accurate boy, one who, in workshop, store or office, does the right thing at the right time. The duty may be but a trifle in itself, but the doing of it and the perceiving that it should be done without waiting to be told, proves the boy's value. The boy who allows himself to feel that he is working solely for the wages he receives will never get beyond the grade

he is working solely for the wages he receives will never get beyond the grade of wage-earner. He should try to learn something new each day, because it is what he learns, not what he earns, that makes him valuable. By knowing more he is able to earn more.

There is a difference between ambition and dissatisfaction. Ambition comes from knowledge, but dissatisfaction often comes from ignorance. The first question a reasonable employer asks when a boy re-

from ignorance. The first question reasonable employer asks when a boy re quests advancement is, "What are you able to do" If the boy can reply that he is able to do more or better work than when his pay was last fixed, he can gen when his pay was last fixed, he can generally count on an increase. If he can only say he is "dissatisfied," he will probably be told to go somewhere else; but if he can show that he can earn money for his employer, he can command money for himself. That is a rule as stable as gold itself, not only in the workshop, but in every walk of life. Any employer who ignores this truth would be tearing out his own foundation.

If a boy will realize that dissatisfac-

If a boy will realize that dissatisfac-tion with conditions is an injury to him-self, but that a laudable ambition to advance is a merit, he will prosper. And advancement can come only through doing well what is each moment to be done. Such boys are always observed and kept in mind by men who need boys' services, Morgan Bates.

was trying to arrange his dishevelled locks, using his fingers for a comb.

Sammy had been frelicking with some of the boys after school. His aunt Maria did not approve of boys "froxin' an' frelickin', tearin' their cicthes and gettin' all in a heat." Therefore Sammy's endeavor to assume an unrumpled appearance before venturing into her presence. Having arranged his hair as well as ance before venturing into her presence.

Having arranged his hair as well as he could under the circumstances, being careful not to wet it much for fear it might be thought he had been swimming, he washed the dried blood from a scratch on his bare leg, and taking up his Third Reader and spelling-book, trudged off towards the neat white house in which he live!

As he drew near he saw aunt Maria As he drew near he saw aunt Maria standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand "Sammy Patch, were on dirth hev you ben?" she called as soon as he came within ear-shot. "Here I've wasted a good half-hour waitin' fer you tor come before I slicked up and set down to sew. Come, be spry," taking hold of his shoulders. "Go put them books in the books and come

them books in the house, and come straight out ter the wood-pile an' hev your hair cut." Oh, Aunt Maria!" he expostulated. "No bickerin', now. I've wasted time enough. You don't suppose I'm goin' ter take you ter Unde Dan'el's ter-morrow with yer head lookin' like a wild Injun?" Sammy nervously twitched his biue-checked blouse. "if-if you'd on'y cut it in the kitchen," he faltered, "I'd sweep

'Cut it in the kitchen! I never heerd "Cut it in the kitchen! I never heerd seech a sickenin' idee! I'd be tastin' hairs in things for th' next month. Go straight in the house without another word, an' bring out that brown caliker apron behind the entry door."

Sammy meekly obeyed. And Miss Maria Seacomb, tall and angular, strode majestically to the wood-nile.

jestically to the wood-pile.

Their house was built almost on the highway, a short distance out of the village, and the wood-pile, back, but to one side, was in plain sight of all passersby. The stump of a huge onk tree was used for a chopping-block, and seated upon this pedestal, with the brown calleo apron pinned round his neck, Sammy

apron this pedestal, with the brown calleo apron pinned round his neck, Sammy felt himself painfully conspicuous.

Miss Maria always did with her might what her hands found to do. To-day she was in a hurry, and combed and clipped with such vigor that it brought the water to Sammy's eyes, However, he bore it manfully, in the hope that it might be over before any of the boys chanced to pass. Just as he was beginning to think that this would be the case, he heard a merry whistle, and looking up, saw Johnny Woods sauntering down the road. "Oh, Aunt Maria," he pleaded, "please let me get down till Johnny's past."

"Samuel Patch, don't you dare move an inch! I declare, one would think it was a disgrace ter hev their hair cut. I never heard sech ridic'lous notions. Don't you s'pose Johnny Woods's mother ever cuts his hair?"

his hair?"

his hair?"

"He-he al'ays goes fer the regular barber's," almost sobbed Sammy.
"Hm'-waal, seein' Providence didn't see fit ter make you rich enough ter throw money away on regular barbers, yer ought to be tharkful yer can hev it cut ter home. But p'rhaps yo'd rather I'd let it grow, an' wear it in a plait, like a girl?" she added, in sarcastic tones.
This last was partly lost upon Sammy, nervously pinching ur bits of bark with his bare toes, and watching in an agony of mortification the approach of Johnny Woods, the worst tease at school.
"Hillo, Sammy, gettin' a hair-cut?" called Johnny, regarding him with a broad grin.

broad grin.

broad grin.

Sammy's pent-up feelings could stand
it no longer. Casting from him the despised apron, he jumped from the chopping-block and made a wild dash for

Miss Maria stood stock-still for fully a minute. Then calmly picking up the apron, she shook it out, and walked in righteous indignation to the house, conscious that Johnny Woods was bent double with laughter on the other side of the fence. She was soon quietly sewing. the fence. She was soon quietly sewing.
As for Sammy, reaching the shelter of
the woods that stretched to the north
of the house, he felt very much like bursting into tears, but feared Johnny might follow him. Johnny did not follow him, however, as he had been sent on an errand by his mother. So, seating himself on a rock, Sammy began to reflect on what he had done.

What would Aunt Maria do? He put his hand to his head; there was quite a plece on top that was still uncut. Would she ever finish it now? Would he have to go to Uncle Dan'els with his hair that way? She had said something about let-ting it grow in a plait; could she have

At last, as the shadows lengthened until it was almost dark in the woods, he didded to go home and humbly beg h pardon. He entered the kitchen and found Aunt Maria putting the things on the table for tea. She took no notice of him whatever. He stood uneasily entered the kitchen and over by the dresser. Presently he ven

Aunt Maria, I'm sorry I ran away." "Waal, I should think you might be. I never heard of sech actions. It's time you was washin' fer tea."

meal was eaten almost in siler Nothing was said about the uncut hair. And all that evening, and all the way to Uncle Dan'el's next morning, poor Sammy was haunted by the horrible vision of a plait, perhaps tied up with a red ribbon, such as the girls wore at

Miss Maria was doing her best for her Miss Maria was doing her best for her sister's boy, whom she had taken home when his mother's death left him an orphan. She gave him plenty to eat, sent him to school, and kept him neatly if not finely clothed. But she had lived alone so long before Sammy came, her own childhood seemed so far off and forgotten, that she had small patience with worthful examined.

youthful pranks and follies.
Uncle Daniel was younger than his sister. He was married, and owned a large farm four miles out of the village. was always a treat to go to Uncle

That day, as they all gathered for din-ner, Uncle Dan'el at once noticed Sam-my's hair, and asked,

Why, what has happened to your hair, Sammy looked down shamfacedly.
"I run away when Aunt Maria was cutn' it."

"Run away when she was cuttin' it! What did yer do that fer eh?" he con-

tinued.
Aunt Maria was looking at him severely, but at last he blurted out:
"Cause Johnny Woods was laughin': an' I wanted to go ter the barber's, 'cause the boys tease me an' say the rats gnaw it. But I'm sorry I run away," with a p-nitent glance at Aunt Maria.
Uncle Dan'el's mouth was twitching, but he said gravely:

Chele Dan el's mouth was twitching, but he said gravely:

"Yer had ought ter be sorry, Sammy, 'cause yer aunt Maria is awful good ter yer. An' yer couldn't expect her ter give yer money every time yer got yer hair cut. But I'll tell yer what; we're goin' ter pick apples next week, an' if you'll come over Saturday I'll give yer five cents fer every bushel yer pick, an' if yer spry yer can pay yer own barber bills. That's if you're willin', Maria?" turning to his

Sammy looked at her appealingly.

Miss Maria gave a dignified sniff. "Oh,
I'm villin', as long as he earns his own
money, an' my cuttin' isn't good 'nough

Morgan Bates.

Sammv's Hair-Cut.

In the corrier of a broad meadow, at the foot of a tall pine tree, was a clear, cold little spring. Kneeling on the ground beside it, anxiously regarding his reflection on its smooth surface, Sammy Patch

to school that week with his hair still

jagged.
But Saturday night he walked proudly
to the barber's with his well-carned
money. The uneven locks were closely
cut, and with them vanished forever the

cut, and with them vanished forever the haunting horror of the plait.

And as Sammy and Aunt Maria sat in meeting that Sunday, who will say that Miss Maria did not sit a trifle straighter, if possible, conscious that her "nevy's" hair was as trimly sheared as any boy's in the congregation?—Louise Sloane Wray.

dead, Picking lilles of the sky, For the baby by and by; Sleep, sleep, Mother will keep a over baby's dear golden head, Watch over father's boy.

"By O, Baby Bunting, Papa's gone a-hunting," To the far-off happy meadows of the

"By O. Baby Bunting.
Papa's gone a-hunting."
Where the white-winged angels live and sing.
Gone to find a sweet home nest.

For the habe on mother's breast; Dream, dream, Soon it shall seem,

Angels a message from father will bring, Love-words to father's boy. —Sunday Inter-Ocean.

A Street Car Cat.

The street-cars in a certain Western city have small stoves in the centre of cach car for the additional comfort of passengers in cold weather. The triver of one of these cars had reached the end of his route one cold day last November. and was changing his horses from one end of the car to the other, when a half-grown, half-starved and bedraggled-lookfrom kitten came mewing across the road and ran into the car. It curled up under the warm stove in great contentment, and the kind-hearted drizer, who was also the conductor, allowed it to lie under the stove during the down-town trip. He begged a saucer of mik for the little waif at the other end of the route, and after her lunch, for which she was manifestly grateful, kitty went back to her any little place under the little stove, and during the day she and the conductor became such good friends that he left her in the car when he went off duty that

He did not put her out the next day tor at any other time, but fed her every day, and before a week she became the set of and before a week she became the set of the public, and quite an attractive card to that branch of the road. She was a pret-ty, playful, little gray and white kitty, and made friends with all of the passen-gers. The children played with her, the ladies petted her, and most of the men-paid her some attention. One lady tied a pretty scarlet ribbon around kitty's neck, and the next day another lady fas-tened a tiny silver bell to the ribbon. tened a tiny silver bell to the ribbon.

As for things to eat, kitty has them in

As for things to eat, kitty has them in variety and quantity enough to make a dyspeptic of her. During a single trip she had gifts of a choce bit of raw steak offered her by an old frishman on the car, a big otheral cracker and some gundrops presented by a little girl, a lump of loaf surar a lime a sandwich some pealoaf sugar, a lime, a sandwich, some pea-nuts and a link of sausage. Kitty had been on the car five weeks when

I heard from her last, the most happy, contented and petted little puss imagin-able. When the weather is fine she often rides out on the platform with the driver who has been such a true friend to her, and whose conduct is proof of the fact that there is a kind, generous heart beneath his rough garments.

"Ich Liebe Dich, Groszmama." (I Love You, Grandmamma.)

I see her dancing o'er the green, A dainty blossom fair,
Her bonnet blue, curls creeping through
Of shining chestnut hair;
And from her sweet lips, curved and red,
Fall words the dearest can be said:
"Ich liebe dich, Groszmama!"

Around my neck she twines her arms, Those arms so soft and white Looks in my eyes with glad surprise, Then clasps again more tight, While prattling words once more express Love sweetly told by fond caress, "Ich liebe dich, Groszmama!"

The flowers bloom fairer where she treads. The wild birds sing more sweet; The golden bee drinks eagerly From clovers 'neath her feet. All things are fair when love is true As girlle dear, twixt me and you! "Ich liebe dich, Groszmama!"

Sometimes I long to lift the veil That hides my darlings' way—
Her days were fair without a care,
If low could e'er hold sway.
But love though strong is futile still
To guard our dear ones from all ill— "Ich liebe dich, Groszmama!

And so we count each hour a joy. And love her while we may Her winsome face so full of grace Brings sunshine all the day; To-morrow's burdens none may know-And we would gladly have it so-"Ich liebe dich, Groszmama!" -Josephine C. Goodale

HOW MAY WON THE PRIZE. The Story Written by Miss Julia Chandler.

It was a warm and sunny day in June, when May came rushing in from school, very much excited indeed. She threw her hat upon the floor, and her books on the bed. She sat quite still for some moments, and then said, in her own sweet and quiet way: "Mamma, the girls are all going to the beautiful woods

got are an going to the beautiful woods to gather wild flowers, and want me to go. May I, Mamma?"
"Yes, darling," said her mamma, for Mrs. Lockwood nearly always said yes to May whenever she thought it right.
May was a beautiful little girl, with long, curly, golden hair, dark blue eyes, and lovely fair skin and was the curly. and lovely fair skin, and was the on child, and a great pet. She had a swe disposition, and was so very quiet and

The girls soon came, and May joined the merry crowd. They were soon to the woods, and were gathering the lovely wild flowers, when someone was heard coming. The girls all looked around to see Jennie Brooks. Now, Jennie did not like May, because she was jealous of her sweet manners.

May spoke to Jennie always very kind-May spoke to Jennie always very kind-

ly, but this was a sorrowful evening to May, for in coming near some of her friends she overheard Jennie talk-ing, and these few words that she neard were very unkind, but May made believe that she had not heard a word, and came up singing-

"Speak gently! It is better far to rule by love than fear, Speak gently! let not a harsh word mar the good we might do here."

These few words came back to Jennie all the way home; also the cross, unjust and unkind words she had said about May. They caught each other's eyes several times on the man to here. eral times on the way home, but they each would look at each other with a sorrowful expression on their faces. For

sorrowful expression on their faces. For the first time Jennie saw the beauty in those big blue eyes of May.

That night May was very thoughtful; she was thinking how to win the prize of making Jennie sorry for what she had said and to make her love her. She said that "she would ask God to help her think of a way." She did, and you will hear how she did it.

It was nearly time for school to close,

and for the long vacation to begin, and nearly all the girls losked forth to their commencement with great pleasure.

The very next morning May met Jennie on her way to school and called out to her good morning in a very pleasant tone.

Jennie looked somewhat surprised, but she spoke to her. That day passed by and in the evening Jennie went out in the big lawn, and as sie stood in the gate she saw May sitting in the sunshine. Her hair shone like gold, Jennie ran up and put her arms around May and told her that she was so sweet, and told her how sorry she was she aid the unkind words in the woods about her. May forgave her, and Jernie saig "It is true May. It is better far to rule by love than fear."

So, May cid win, but listen! That was not all she won, or in a few days the commencement took place, and little May was presented with a lovely little gold chain, and locked. It was ther teacher

commencement too place, and little May was presented win a lovely little gold chain and locket. It was the teacher said) for her swet, nice manners at school and her fee behavior, for she was always nice to her teachers, and was the favorite mong them all, so she won two prizes, ennie and May became very dear friends and were often seen in the big lawn placing together.

Jennie's mother was a widow, and very delicate. She diff and left Jennie an orphan, Mrs. Lokwood adopted her, so Jennie and May became sisters instead of enemier.

OUR PORTRA AND PRIZE PUZZLES

nous jackals, which tore them limb from ven are to be arranged rm another word. Pertaining to a theatre. The letters differently to 1. I clear the 2. One drag Bull of danger. m. A means of convey-

E. snug. The duties of a

ets a car. Pertaining to shows. 6. On said ver. Familiar discourse.

4. Oh I ke

TED MIDDLE ACROSTIC. 70.—SYNCK middle letter from each of Take out words of five letters each, another word of four let-yncopated letters read in you a word meaning to the milk that rises to the

1. Sync of the milk that rises to the top, and the to stuff.

2. Sync of the to stuff.

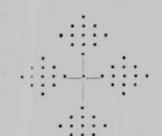
2. Sync of the things or beats, and leave what is the deformal that all sorts of things in.

3. Syncopte a genus of animals and their shells growing in the sea, and leave something we use for fuel.

4. Syncopte a word meaning "otherwise called and leave an exclamation.

5. Syncopate pertaining to a duke, and leave a word expressing a two-fold na-

Syncorate pains, and leave one spots 71 -UNITED DIAMONDS.



Upper Diamond.-I. A consonant. 2. A deep hole in the ground. 3. One-half of the twenty-four hours. 4. A definite arti-

e. 5. A consonant. Lower Diamond.—I. A consonant, 2. Lower Diamond, -1. A consonant, 2. Corpulent, 3. A place of departed spirits.
4. A numeral. 5. A consonant.
Left Diamond, -1. A consonant. 2. To bow the head. 3. The so-called root of all evil. 4. The home of a wild beast, 5.

Right Diamond.-L. A consonant.

Something worn on the neck. 3. Value, 4. Consumed. 5. A consonant. The centrals of the upper and lower diamond taken together and including the middle letter gives the plural of a poisonous plant used as a medicine.

The centrals of the left and right diameter of the same of t

letter mean the worth of a thing

in money. 72.-BURIED GEMS.

1. When in Dakota I rode Peggy, and the old mag ate prairie grass while passing

along.
2 I left Brazil in July, and I am on here at the present time. Old ocean would appear lovely were it always calm.

4. All people are the same; thy story I will not listen to. That laundress will rub your clothes to pieces. I knew thee well, O pallid man, when

rosy were thy cheeks. 73.—DIAGONAL.

Crosswords.-I. A species of American tree. 2. A bird of prey. 8. To wander. 4. To delineate by marks. 5. An entrance a building. The diagonal read down ves a month we are always glad to be

Do Read This Letter. The Times.

My Dear Children: The name of Master J. Richie Williams was omitted from the list of guessers last Sunday, so I've put it in my letter to-day that he may know his answers

to-day that he may know his answers were received. Dudley's prize, a hand-some volume of Tennyson's poems, with the great laureate's pictures on the first leaf, has been duly forwarded to him, and it is worth twenty pictures in the paper. I hope the successful "guesser" this month will be as discriminating. Here the story written by Miss Julia this month will be as destinating.
I by is a story written by Miss Julia
Chandler, of Bowling Green, Va., who
has waited so patiently for its publication. I hope to receive more sice letters from you soon, and remain until

Raising Crickets for Bait.

Affectionately YOUR EDITOR.

next Sunday,

"Yes, the cold weather is mighty hard "Yes, the cold weather is mighty hard on my cricket herd," said Afton K. Hooten, of Greenfield, Tenn. "My cricket herd? Why, haven't you read about it? You see. I live in the middle of Tennessee, surrounded by the prettiest lakes that the eye ever gazed upon. The waiers are filled with trout and other game fish, and in the spring, summer and fall the sportsmen flock there from all sections of the country. One of the most curious facts about Tennessee fish is that they wish nothing but crickets. Red worms, tall sawyers and the like find

that they wish nothing but crickets. Red worms, tall sawyers and the like find no fish that will bite at them in our waters except suckers and small perch. "The most serious obstacle, therefore, with the fishermen is to get crickets. I organized a stock company with a few hundred capital and started to work last spring. I had a large pusture fenced in with boards about ten feet high, sowed grass, built my hothouses and incubators, and then began gathering in my stock. My pasture consists of about twelve acres, and I calculated that I could well My pasture consists of about twelve acres, and I calculated that I could well grage 50,000 crickets to the acre. They sell readily to fishermen at \$1 per hunsell readily to fishermen at \$1 per hun-dred, so you see what a rich harvest there is in such an industry. They flourish like a green bay tree all during the summer and fall, but since the cold spell has reached them they have been dying off at a remarkably sad rate, and if the freeze should continue much longer I doubt if I will be left with seed for next spring.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

DEFOURED BY JACKALS. The Awful Fate of Three Men on the Great

Colorado Desert. John Lang is one of the largest cattle men on the Colorado desert. He last year discovered water about forty miles

south of Indian Wells, and has created a very large cattle ranch there. He has just arrived here from his isolated home, and told of a find of three victims of the desert, whose identity may never be dis-About five weeks ago he and a couple of his vaqueros were riding along the old telegraph road leading from San Diego to Yuma, when, at a short dis-tance from the road, he described the wreck of a wagon. The party were in search of estrays from their herds, so they started from the trail and rode to-

ward the wagon, which was completely broken down The sight that met their eyes was a sickening one, for the skeletons of three men were scattered about the region, their clothing torn into shreds by the ravenous coyotes and vultures. There was not a scrap of paper in the pockets by which they could be identified, because there were no pockets left. But the box of the wagon bore strains of blood, half obliterated by the rain, show-ing that the unfortunate men had gath-ered into the box for safety until they became too exhausted to fight the ray-

silenced. Even from the desert the voice of expiring nature cries aloud to heaven with its faintest breath. On a card tacked to the bed of the wagon was distinctly ed to the bed of the wagon was distinctly written in a hand that had grown tremplous with the pangs of famine the words "We are lost. There is no water on the telegraph road." And this pathetic message from men whose three witte skulls lay bleaching in the stunted grass beside the wagon was all that came back from them to the world that closely state. them to the world that closed on the n

One of these men was a fat man." said Mr. Lang, "and the other two were thin. You can always tell the bones of a fat man, because they contain a larger percentage of fron, which turns reddish brown after the flesh is removed, and the bones have been exposed to the air. These men were less than four miles from a fairly good supply of water, but they did not know it."

they did not know it."

They had evidently started on a prospecting teur from San Diego or Yuma, it is hard to say which, and from the appearance of the bones and partial obliteration of the blood stains on the vagon, had been dead about five months.

No ox yokes nor harness could be found anywhere near the wagon, nor were there any weapons in sight. As people do not

any weapons in sight. As people do not travel on such errands without weapons to aid them in procuring food, as well as for defense against Indians, it is quite likely that the wagon had been previous ly discovered by other parties passing that way, who robbed it of its ghastly find andd kept the discovery to themselves. San Francisco Examiner.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN BELGIUM. Its Practical Abolition Seemingly Attended

by a Great Increase in Capital Crime. The race of public executioners is not wholly extinct in Belgium, although the office has been little more than a rinccure for nearly half a century. The other day the headsman of Brussels was bor-rowed by headsmanless Bruges to go through with becoming solemnity the exceedingly silly ceremony of nailing to a ceedingly silly ceremony of nalling to a post a sentence of imprisonment pro-nounced in default on some petty larcener. Antwep almost simultaneously obtained a loan for a similar purpose of the services of "Monsieur de Liege," one Hamel, whose practical acquaintance with the guillotine ceased in 1855. The disappear-ance of a condemned convict necessitated the journey of M. Hamel to the banks of the Scheldt, where he gravely per-formed the same farce as was enacted by his colleague of Brussels in the of Memling. Since 1855 no assassin has perished on a Belgian scaffold. Last year's catalogue of crime in Belgium was long and terrible; 1893 is still young, but each week has brought with it some deed

Within the last few days the Belgian press has chronicled the deaths by deliberate violence of no fewer than five persons, some of them being attended with circumstances of aggravation which beggar description. In view of this state beggar description. In view of this state of affairs the Belgian News asks whether this long suspension, amounting almost to abolition, of capital punishment has or has not been for the public good, and suggests that in spite of the great aversion which King Leopold is known to feel to signing a death warrant, the amended begge Constitutes must deal effective. Belgian Constitution must deal effectual ly with a state of things which has in sensibly rendered negative and illusive that most salutary clause of the Beigian penal code which should, under other circumstances, strike terror into the hearts of evil doers.—St. James Gazette.

Twenty-Five Hoop Skirts Accounted For. Twenty-Five Hoop Skirts Accounted For.

"Since the crinoline craze is on again I notice that some inquisitive person recently wanted to know of the Republic where all the old-fashioned hoop skirts so popular with our mothers have gone," said George Parks. "I can answer the question as to some of them at any rate. In one instance about twenty-five are lying in the bottom of the Arkansas river, and the way they got there formed one of the most laurable incidents I

one of the most laughable incidents I ever witnessed. "It was soon after the war, and crinolines had recently been emancipated,
when one day a band of about twentyfive Indians appeared in the little town
of Van Buren to trade. After spending
all their money they went from store to
store, every one crowding in, and would
stand around for half an hour until they
were given some tride, when they would
leave. It was in January, and at one
place a clerk had given each of the bucks
a paim leaf fan, which they carried in
their hands, and with which they fanned
themselves vigorously. At another place
the proprietor was puzzled to know how
to get rid of his unwelcome visitors for
a long time, but finally hit upon a happy
expedient. Stored away in the garret
was a stock of crinolines. He got them
out and presented each of the noble red
men with one, explaining that they were
to take them home as presents to their "It was soon after the war, and crin was a stock of crinolines. He got their out and presented each of the noble red men with one, explaining that they were to take them home as presents to their squaws; and to show them how they were worn a clerk buckled one around him. This was satisfactory, and with a grunt of pleasure they filed out; but, imbued with the idea that what was good for squaw was good for buck also, they retired to an alley, from which they presently emerged and marched down the street in file, every mother's son of them having his hoop skirt fastened to his waist and carrying his fan. The sight was ludicrous enough to have made a horse laugh, and as they marched sedately along a perfect roar of laughter greeted them.

greeted them.

"Pretty soon, however, the bucks discovered that they were made sport of, and they tore off their new dresses, and, carrying them to the river bank, threw them in and cast the paim leaves after them."—St. Louis Republic.

Trusts and combinations are unpopular. But there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilia—because they know HOCD'S

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

CURES.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Casteria